

## G. O. P. LEADERS READY FOR FIRST BALLOT TO-DAY

Convention Lags While  
Platform Committee  
Delays Report.

DEPEW REVIVES  
GLORIES OF PAST

T. R. Gets First Cheer as Senator  
Lodge Mentions  
Name.

[From a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.]

Chicago, June 8.—Nothing now remains before the Republican National Convention but the making of nominations and the balloting. At two sessions to-day all preliminary business was cleared away, a strong pro-American, pro-preparedness platform was adopted and the new national committee named.

Then just at the close of the afternoon session came an event unusual in any convention and momentous in this one—the appointment of a conference committee to meet with a similar committee from the Progressive convention, in an endeavor to bring about a nomination of the same Presidential ticket by both bodies.

It was the thing both sides of both parties had said would never be done.

It was done by the Republicans, on invitation of the Progressives, without a single dissenting voice, and Senator Smoot's resolution providing for the committee was greeted with prolonged applause.

Speakers Avoid T. R.'s Name.

So far as Roosevelt is concerned, the Republican convention is polite, but not particularly fervid. This morning there was a sort of glorification of "old guard" men and tactics, when Chairman M. Depew and "Uncle Joe" Cannon both made speeches which contained references to the Colonel, but particularly and pointedly refrained from mentioning his name.

This afternoon Senator Lodge mentioned the name for the first time in the convention. He did it adroitly, sandwiching it between the names of McKinley and Taft. There was applause, genuine and spontaneous, in which galleries and the delegates on the floor joined, but it did not last for more than a minute.

As convention demonstrations are rare, this was considerably less cordial than that for Senator Harding, the chairman, at the morning session, and not so warm as the approval for the suffrage plank when that was read by McKinley and Taft.

Aside from the selection of this committee, the afternoon session was given over to a reading of two platforms—the majority report, read by McKinley and Taft, and the minority platform, read by E. J. Gross, of Wisconsin. Senator Lodge read well, his voice carrying to the remotest corner of the barnlike Coliseum. There were frequent interruptions as he went along.

T. R. Planks Applauded.

The audience—visitors, as well as delegates—insisted on showing approval for the declarations of Americanism and protection of American rights which the platform contained. A provision for a world court was also applauded.

Particularly strong were the expressions of approval for a continuance of the Republican policy toward the Philippines and for thorough and complete national defense, a Federal child labor law and the extension of woman suffrage.

The La Follette platform was a radical document, calling for much social justice legislation, the utilization of national natural resources, so that special interests should not reap the benefits; for complete neutrality, for a surtax on war profits, for an embargo on the exportation of arms and for an international tribunal, with an international army and navy to enforce its decrees.

The platform also declared for suffrage, the initiative, referendum and recall. Mr. Gross was extremely hoarse. His voice did not reach one-third of the delegates, and some of them and some of the visitors in the galleries were inclined to jeer at him. Senator Harding soon stopped that, however, and the reading was completed without further interruption, though technical objections were made when he sought to argue on the arms embargo plank briefly.

Vote Down La Follette Plan.

Senator Lodge didn't reply to him.

He merely said that only one of the planks in the La Follette document came to a vote in the resolutions committee, and that was defeated, 45 to 1. Thereupon the convention adopted the Lodge platform viva voce. The La Follette delegates voted against it.

There threatened to be a long argument over the election of a national committee to represent Tennessee, where there has been a bitter factional fight. That, however, was avoided by the reference of the case to the new national committee, with full power to decide it. Both sides were thus suited.

Because the platform committee was still laboring on that document, the Republican National Convention at its morning session enjoyed an outburst of oratory from those two distinguished members of the "old guard," ex-Senator Depew and ex-Speaker Cannon, and from Senator Borah, president of the assembly. He insisted that the younger generation, but one who is in sympathy with those who have given their party their service of a generation.

Colonel Carefully Avoided.

Senator Depew twice referred to Theodore Roosevelt in his speech, but pointedly omitted the mention of that potent name. Speaker Cannon, likewise avoiding the mention of that name, declared and reiterated that the country and the Republican party were greater than any one person, and that the convention should nominate a Republican on a good broad platform, predicting that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against that platform and that candidate."

Borah patently endeavored to get the convention out of a pussy-footing mood. He declared against the "shameful paths of expediency." He paid a tribute to foreign-born citizens who had taken the oath of allegiance declaring:

"We do not think, and the Republican party will not take any position on the theory, that they are traitors or worse than traitors."

In comparison with yesterday, the session to-day was wildly enthusiastic. When the temporary organization of the convention was made permanent, Senator Harding was cheered for full four minutes. Moreover, Senator Depew, by his stories and appeals to old-fashioned Republicanism, had the audience quite mellowed despite the "Uncle Joe" Cannon also had hundreds of friends among those present. Senator Borah's address, however, fell on deaf ears.

Hymn Gets on Leaders' Nerves.

Proceedings began rather dimly. Directly after prayer the band began to play "Rock of Ages," until it got on the nerves of the high-and-mighty on the platform, and word was quickly telegraphed to keep off the sombre stuff. It stopped in the middle of a bar and thereafter that band played only fox-trots and popular ditties.

Routine business, such as the adoption of the credentials committee's report, passed off by Senator Smoot, and the report of the committee on permanent organization, presented by William H. Clark, of Ohio, went off speedily. By grace of the credentials report the delegates from Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines will have votes as well as seats in this convention. It didn't take long for the new party rules, containing the basis of representation, to be affirmed by the delegates. But the machine stuck until the resolutions committee could get through platform drafting.

Depew Revives Past Glories.

So Senator Harding called on Henry L. Stimson, secretary of War, and Speaker Sweet of the New York Assembly to escort Mr. Depew to the platform. That veteran, smiling broadly at the audience, admitted that, it was his duty to lead the machine. He began to preach the Republican gospel. He drew a parallel between the campaign of 1856 and the present one.

"There was one great issue then," he said, "an issue of ethics, of idealism, of Americanism. There had been a lie in our political measures and our political life—a lie against the Declaration of Independence that all men are created free and equal. After that campaign and what resulted from it the Declaration of Independence stood for liberty."

"So to-day there is a great world crisis, civilization is at stake and Christianity is doubted, with engines of war in use which would have been regarded as the ultimate end of cruelty five hundred years ago. We think God, are not in that horrible affair. We must enter this campaign with a policy of Americanism which will keep us out, or a mollycoddle policy which will drag us in."

Mr. Depew quoted several instances where the policy of Americanism had kept this country out of war—Marley's declaration, "Whoever bears the safe of American citizenship is safe anywhere in the world." Several allusions to Louis Napoleon regarding the occupancy of Mexico; Cleveland's "arbitrate or fight" defiance to England in the Venezuelan crisis. But he did not tell the name Morocco, "Perdew sent a message to the death of the great European statesman asked him while he was across seas what 'the Professor' was going to do."

"I could only answer," he said, "that I could have told him eight months ago, but that a year after the professor had changed his mind. I saw in the newspapers a time ago that a great American had accepted for his motto 'America first,' and the professor evidently said, 'I might as well take that myself.'"

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## Ford Ioke Stirs Convention of G. O. P. When All Else Fails

Depew Springs It After "Rock of Ages" Is Played—  
Moose Continue to Clamor for Colonel, and  
Professor Hart Joins in Heartily.

By HEYWOOD BROWN.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.]

Chicago, June 8.—"The delegates will please clear the aisles," said Raymond Robins, as he banged his gavel at the beginning of the afternoon session of the Progressive convention.

"But, Mr. Chairman," objected a delegate, "we want to demonstrate."

And they did demonstrate. Unlike the Republican convention, the Progressives did not find it necessary to call on any one for a speech. The only difficulty was in enforcing a limit of not more than two or three at a time. The convention wanted to run away. Only with difficulty was it restrained from nominating Theodore Roosevelt by acclamation.

"You want Teddy!" shouted Victor Murdock, with blaring eye and hair. "Well, the way to get him is to go ahead and nominate him right now."

A little later Representative McDonald, of Michigan, in response to the harmony plea of a preceding speaker, declared that "the only message to send to the Republican party is to tell it to go to hell."

Perhaps the infectious spirit of the convention can be shown in no better way than by a consideration of the case of Albert Bushnell Hart, of Massachusetts.

Hart is a professor in Harvard University. We have seen twenty students asleep in Seaver as the learned gentleman ambled his way through forgotten pages of American history. If they had listened to him yesterday they would have awakened with a start, and waking they would have been amazed and shocked. For the professor waved his arms and shouted. And the word which he hurled forth with great vigor was "buncoed."

Hart Shakes Fist.

Albert Bushnell Hart, who is content to loaf along with the Pilgrim fathers for at least five or six weeks every spring Cambridge autumn, shook his fist at the Progressive delegates and declared that if they did not name Teddy Roosevelt for President before 8 o'clock he was going to know the reason why.

And he left the platform with his white hand still shaking in agitation. Probably it is more exciting to live history than to teach it.

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er and when he declared "the one thing you ought to send the Republican convention is the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt" banners bobbed up and down and folks shouted and waved bandanas and clogged the aisles and demonstrated generally.

Gavel Kerplunk.

The gavel came down kerplunk and kerplunk. It was made of heavy wood. Chairman Harding could have used a toothpick for his gavel at the Republican session in the morning. Maybe the delegates would have swooned on and down and folks shouted and waved bandanas and clogged the aisles and demonstrated generally.

W. H. Rouse, knowledge of the grounds upon which the Progressive gentleman bases his charge. As far as we have seen them, the Republicans are almost puritanical in their reticence. They began their morning session with "Rock of Ages," done on the bells of the orchestra, and then decreed a children's hour, in which Chauncey M. Depew and Joe Cannon addressed the convention.

Depew did not succeed in leaving the platform without telling a Ford story. It was the familiar one about why a bathtub like a Ford car, and the answer is and always has been, because everybody wants one and yet he hates to be seen in it. The anecdote did not stampede the Michigan delegation, but it roused more enthusiasm among other members of the convention than any issue yet presented.

Yet it must be said that the former Senator's speech was on the whole a dignified and interesting address. Depew was the first man in the Republican convention who had nerve enough to say Lusitania. The words submarine and hyphen are still to be spoken.

Dusts Off History.

The old politician, full of years and riches, dusted off some history for the delegates. He repeated fighting phrases of Marcy, Sewell and Cleveland in times of international stress. He gave the Roosevelt admirers their chance, too, for although he did not name the Colonel he repeated "Ferdinand alius or Ralsudil deed." The phrase failed to evoke any enthusiasm.

The speaker made fun of the pacifists and of "my friend Mr. Bryan," who was scarcely a year away. He told of Lincoln, whom he knew, and admitted that the earlier statesman knew more about politics than he himself. He also informed the delegates that Lincoln was a practical politician, who had "organized Illinois."

In closing he suggested himself as a possible compromise man for the Republican party in case it wished to choose an "elder statesman."

After Depew came Cannon, who rambled in a more or less parting manner. He gloriously suggested that after all it would not make much difference if the earth should swallow up the convention hall, as it would be possible to get just as good a set of delegates elsewhere. Mr. Cannon is undoubtedly right, but the issue is not likely to be popular.

## PRACTICES SOCIALISM ON POLICE; ARRESTED

Boy Gives Up 10 Cents, Then  
Seeks to Recoup from Cops.

Heinz Miller, a seventeen-year-old Socialist, thought his political beliefs should be more than a mere theory. Applying them to everyday life prompted him to give ten cents to a friend who needed carfare, and, having done so, he stood at 14th Street and Broadway and asked pedestrians for ten cents. Patrolman Ronaghan, who had contributed five cents to the fund, found the boy asking other policemen for a similar sum and arrested him as a beggar.

"Why, I was simply practicing Socialism," said Miller when taken before Magistrate McGuire. "I thought I was doing good. I believe it is necessary to give what I have when it is needed by a brother, and having done so, I felt justified in getting carfare for myself when I could not find it. I sympathize with his philanthropic attitude, but made him promise not to beg on the streets for at least six months on penalty of a term in the Workhouse."

## Politicians' Ears Hard to Gain, Cult Leader Found in Chicago

Perkins, Roosevelt, Jr., Depew, Whitman, Stimson and  
Rockefeller All Polite, but Much Too Busy to  
Listen to Appelbaum's Humanitarian Plea.

"At last I realized a long cherished ambition. I was in Chicago during the height of the excitement preceding the Republican and Progressive conventions."

So begins the confidential diary of Misha Appelbaum, founder of the Humanitarian Cult, who after an adventurous trip to the city of conventions, has returned to tell what happened to his other ambition—the insertion of a plank in party platforms embodying his humanitarian ideas.

The methods of the entertaining leaders are described to his 75,000 followers in this manner:

Adventure No. 1: The first man I tackled was George W. Perkins. When I broached my object I was unable to obtain even an inkling of whether he was interested in the subject.

Adventure No. 2: I was introduced to Speaker Sweet of the New York Assembly, who was much interested in the subject, but suggested that I had better take it up with the men "higher up."

Adventure No. 3: Our good Governor, Mr. Whitman, had just arrived, with his foreword, and trailing him was a band of people. Between the two I was reflecting I imagined I should be received with open arms, invited into a reception room and offered a "state," not a "delegate," cigar, along with an hour or two for discussion of the humanitarian plank. After

succeeding in showing delegates aside I finally grabbed Governor Whitman. Forgetting that I was in the midst of orators, I made the attempt of my life. He became quite serene, and said: "Of course, I understand, my mail is heavy, and I probably did not see your letter, but I shall look into it." I have not yet heard from him.

Adventure No. 4: In the absence of the Governor, I then tackled Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. He is indeed a manly chap. He promised to look into my subject, and that is the last I heard of him.

Adventure No. 5: I then approached Chauncey M. Depew, and, much to my surprise, the subject did not strike him as funny, so much so that he did not even buy up my hopes or tell me one of his famous after-dinner stories.

Adventure No. 6: I now tackled one of the most charming men I have ever met—ex-Secretary of War Stimson—and I must say that he gave me more time and more hope than all the others put together.

Adventure No. 7: Just then a newspaper was handed me, and I found out that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was in town. I sent him a special delivery letter, inviting him to our meeting at Medina Temple, and he was quite courteous in having his secretary phone me that, owing to a previous engagement he was unable to accept.

Adventures No. 8 to 15, inclusive: Similar to preceding accounts in all material respects.

But, far from being discouraged, Mr. Appelbaum has telegraphed to President Wilson requesting an appointment for this morning. He is now en route for the capital, confident that his request will be granted. From there he will proceed to St. Louis to complete his convention adventures.

## CHICAGO'S GLOOM GROWS WITH RAIN

Ceases for Three Min-  
utes, to Renew Dam-  
per on Politicians.

EVEN BIBULOUS  
SADLY DEPRESSED

Cemetery Row Only Lives in  
Hope Lightning May Raise  
Up Hope.

[From a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.]

Chicago, June 8.—For three minutes this evening the rain ceased, and small spots of bright sky were visible. Those who believe in signs saw in the end of the deluge a hopeful omen of what might come from the peace conference, and an optimistic bass drummer took the oiled drum from the head of his instrument.

Then the downpour started again, and even Eugene N. Foss, who is here from Massachusetts preaching national prohibition, looked disgusted.

So to-night the crowds in the lobbies of the hotels in the convention belt are inclined to be a gloomy and grouchy lot. Even the bibulously inclined—and the passenger list of the well known W. W. Route is not as imposing as it was—take their pleasures sadly.

Few are the voices raised in song except those of the paid glee clubs which sing for Teddy or yodel about "The Banks of the Wabash." Gloomy Gus, it would seem, is the patron saint of the majority.

That is, of all except those who haunt the rooms of the favorite sons on Cemetery Row. The appointment of the conference committee led to revival of hopes that possibly lightning might hit in any one of several places where hope seemed dead.

The preparations for feeding the inner man at the Perkins apartments seemed to indicate that this was the view held there and that preparations were being made for a long, hard siege.

Even McGrath, the Colonel's fighting secretary, who never eats when there is work to do, took time for a big dinner. There, tonight, he said, he fasted, but he ate at the end of the conference, but he preferred not to wait—the calf might prove a lean critter.

Tom Healy, the New York restaurateur, is here, not on politics, but on what he insists on calling a vacation. Like the watchman who had a night off and spent it visiting with his substitute, Tom is putting in his time looking over the restaurants and houses of call owned by other men.

The price of convention seats took an awful slump to-day. Tickets good for the rest of the season might be had as low as \$10, with no great cash demand. In other years one was lucky to get single tickets for the closing sessions at \$25 each.

There is one New Yorker in town who can move about as quietly and leave as little, if not less, wake than Murray Crane. He is James Speyer, the banker. Speyer is at the Blackstone, where he seems to know everybody, but he is on friendly terms with everybody, but his opinions nobody knows.

"Merely a looker-on in Vienna," is the way he describes himself.

The 400 policemen and detectives detailed at the Coliseum were instructed to-day by Chief Healey to arrest any person found to-day with tickets for the convention. Two men were booked shortly after the order was given.

Mapleton Park Sales.

The Alco Building Company, associated with Realty Trust, sold to one Michael Michaels for occupancy the one-family brick residence 2063 66th st., 23x100, near the Twenty-second station of the Sea Beach subway, in Mapleton Park, Brooklyn. The same company also sold to Mrs. Esther Morse for occupancy the one-family brick residence 2041 66th st., 23x100.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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## To-day and To-morrow are the Final Two Days for Saks Mid-Summer Suits for New Yorkers

at the very special price of  
**\$22**

Values are of two kinds: 'Arbitrary values which are a matter of opinion, and provable values which will survive a show-down. Those in this particular offering are provable. That's why we just state the price and leave the values to take care of themselves. All we will say is, that \$22 won't buy any suits like these next week. And it won't buy suits like them anywhere else right now! In models, in fabrics, in tailoring, in finish, and in all those respects wherein clothes reveal their worth, these suits at \$22 are infinitely more than \$22 suits.

The man who gets in on these values gets in right!

One-button effects, two-button effects, and three-button effects—patch pockets, slash pockets, half moon, and conservative pockets—flat lapels, pleated lapels, small, medium, or rolling lapels—flannels, chevrons, stripes, worsteds, blues, browns, grays, checks, and novelties by the score in the lightest Summer weaves—matching in cut and color the cut and color of every point of view—ranging the whole gamut of individual choice, from the quiet to the extreme—interpreting with photographic accuracy all the custom-tailored affectations of the Upper Crust—and exhibiting, in a word, a collection of merchandise never equaled by any shop at this price or at any price like it.

## Saks & Company

Broadway at 34th Street

## OUTLINES CASE AGAINST ORPET

State Tells Jury How It  
Hopes to Prove Marion  
Lambert's Murder.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.]

Chicago, June 8.—The North Shore mystery surrounding the death of Marion Lambert in Helm's Woods holds no more dramatic story than that of the tragic experience of Frank Lambert, the girl's father, who will tell his story from the stand to-morrow in the trial at Waukegan of Will H. Orpet for her murder.

Every day to-day Mr. Lambert sat at the table of the lawyers for the prosecution, expecting to be called as a witness. A few feet away sat the young university man charged with the murder of his father's only child. A strange study in contrasts they were—the old man ready to say what he could to send the boy to the gallows or prison; the youth, crouched low in his chair, watching with anxious, feverish eyes the progress of the legal battle on which his life depends.

Between the two sat Orpet's mother, close to her son, reaching out a futile hand now and then to catch the boy's hand and give it a reassuring squeeze.

"Boys! Panic!"

"Boys! Panic," which lawyers for the defense have advanced to account for Orpet's flight from the woods after Marion Lambert died at his feet, received a severe blow in the opening statement in which State's Attorney David F. Joslyn outlined the case the state expects to prove.

Mr. Joslyn's statement based for the first time the entire case of the State. He read the story of the footprints in the snow made by Orpet and Marion Lambert to prove that if Orpet were panicked after the girl's death there was wonderful cunning in his panic. He showed that from the spot where the body was found Orpet had gone 144 feet to a spot where the trodden snow showed he had remained for some time, and the prosecutor suggested that Orpet went back to hunt for the poison bottle he had forgotten to bring away.

Sought to Cover Footprints.

After Orpet had gone back to the body and stood beside it, Mr. Joslyn declared, his footprints showed that he had started off toward the road. He went to within a few feet of the road and then drew back, as if frightened, into the depth of the woods. Then, plucking up courage apparently, he ventured to the road again, and again turned back into the forest. A third time he went to the road, and a third time turned back to the shelter of the trees. At last he came to the giant oak, behind which he had waited for Marion.

There were Orpet's footprints entering the woods. According to Mr. Joslyn, he tried to mark his exit by stepping carefully into his old footprints on his way to Jessamine Avenue. Mr. Joslyn submitted that no one who could take such pains to cover his trail was affected to any great extent by panic.

HE OPENED GERMAN MAIL

Dutchman Who Tried to Sell Letter  
to British Attaché Guilty.

Adolph De Leuw, the Dutchman who was arrested last month charged with attempting to sell letters entrusted to him by the German Embassy to Captain Guy Gaunt, naval attaché of the British Embassy, pleaded guilty yesterday in Special Sessions to a charge of opening a sealed letter.

He was remanded for one week for sentence. De Leuw is 34 years old, good looking and an excellent linguist. He was convicted in Buenos Aires of embezzling \$35,000 and at the end of five years was pardoned for good behavior.

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## AIDED BY DERRICK GARBAGE FOES WIN

Continued from page 1

leaped from the transport as soon as she touched Prall's island and rushed to the cabin.

"This is my island and my cabin," Doyle shouted to the six Drake guards. "I warn you that I have come to remove the cabin, and give you this opportunity of getting out."

Action Follows Deed.

"Go on, you piker," came a voice from the inside. "You're interrupting a gentleman's game of poker."

Doyle repeated his warning, with the same result. Then his lawyer, raising his voice so it would carry through the tightly closed windows of the cabin, read a copy of Doyle's deed to the island. Immediately the newly constructed cottage aboard the lighter was made fast to a hawser which dropped from the powerful arm of the floating derrick. It rose silently in the air, gasped, dropped to a position on Prall's island.

That was only a beginning. The hawser was wrapped about the other cabin, and once more the cables of the great derrick grew taut. It squeaked a bit, groaned, and then the spectators on the transport saw the cabin rise from the piles on which it rested.

A frightened shout came from the cabin. The cabin climbed to a height of sixty feet, while the men within tumbled about like pills in a box. It was swung gracefully over the island and was landed squarely on the light. Stewing Drake appeared from the new cottage had rested, awaiting its chance to land.

Half-Hour Chase.

The thirty strong-arm men were installed in the newly placed cottage, received guns and rounds of ammunition and were told to defend the island at any cost. The transport, with her six captured guards, steamed southward in Arthur Kill.

A moment later a police launch hove into view.

"Drop anchor," it signalled the transport.

"Current too swift," called back the transport's captain.

For a half hour the chase through the bay continued. The police boat strained every ounce of her energy for all they were worth. Finally the police launch drew alongside.

Stirling Drake appeared from the boat's cabin and sprang aboard the transport.

No One in Charge!

"Who is in charge of this expedition?" he demanded.

"No one—strangely enough!" "I demand the release of my six men," he thundered.

"No one is holding them," Doyle put in mildly.

"I demand the arrest of every one on this tug and lighter; I demand my men be taken back and reinstated on my property."

The dual request was met by a dual refusal. The police would not make arrests without warrants, and Doyle stoutly declined to take Drake's guard back to Prall's island.